

PS 2108

I 5



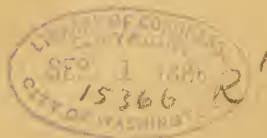
0 015 973 398 1



PS 2108

.15

IN  
MEMORIAM  
HELEN HUNT JACKSON  
(H.H.)



III

W. E. MORRIS

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

(B. B.)



PS 2108  
I 5

  
Copyright, 1886, by  
FRANK S. THAYER,  
Denver, Colo.





HELEN HUNT JACKSON.  
(H. H.)



The Grave in Pine Hill Forest, Cheyenne Mountain.



Cheyenne Mountain, near Colorado Springs, Colo.  
(\* place of burial.)



The late Residence of Helen Hunt Jackson,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.













## The Grave of "H. H."



**B**OLD in outline and grandly massive, Cheyenne Mountain is one of striking interest to tourists, whether seen from the balconies of the Antlers Hotel in Colorado Springs, or from Manitou, ten miles distant. It is cleft by two yawning chasms, forming the North and South Cheyenne Canons, into the deepest hollows of whose perpendicular jagged walls only the noonday sun can shine. South Cheyenne ends in a "round well of granite, down one side of which leaps, slides, foams and rushes a series of waterfalls," the lovely "Seven Falls" of Cheyenne Mountain.

Facing this magnificent outguard of Old Pike's Peak, at Colorado Springs, was the home of Helen Hunt Jackson. Its grandeur was her daily pleasure, to penetrate its vast ruggedness a choice delight, and back to it, by her own request, she was brought for burial. The following from the pen of Mr. Crawford, graphically describes her grave :

"In Pine Hill Forest, on the northern slope of Cheyenne Mountain looking to the east, where the first soft rays of sunlight linger lovingly and at last flood with light and warmth, on the last day of soft October, was laid away for her final rest Helen Hunt Jackson. One can imagine as she lay upon that couch of pain from which she never arose, that her heart must have turned longingly to this restful, favored spot. Shelteringly the higher parts of the mountain circle around, rising beyond the canon into fantastic craigs, jutting red pinnacles and shadowy ascending ravines with an edging of silver fir,

giving the mountain sides a look of hoary old age. Down over the dizzy point of rocks from the blue distance of Cheyenne Canon, rises a musical murmur and rush of water to mingle with the low sighing of the pines. From her grave one may look down through the parted trees upon her embowered earthly home among the gracefully sweeping hills, with the stretch of yellow plain beyond, rising to the horizon. At the foot of the slope wells out a spring of pure, limpid water into a basin that was covered with golden autumn leaves, then over the edge of it and with a headlong rush, down the gorge to seek Cheyenne Creek.

“Down the slope and through the pines come the last slanting rays of the western sun and linger longest upon the resting-place of this gifted child of nature. The ground is covered with a soft carpet of pine needles and the trailing killickinnick. One might almost imagine the wild flowers she loved so well in life crowding closer to her grave, and by

their bright procession giving expression to the immortality of a beautiful life.

“ ‘And has she not high honor,  
The hillside for her pall,  
To lie in state, with stars for tapers tall !  
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes  
Over her grave to wave ?’ ”

“ Gently, reverently, we plucked from the newly made grave of one whom we knew only in the thoughts she breathed upon the printed page, a spray of the killickinnick with which it was covered and thought of her own lines that seemed as if inspired by this chosen spot :

“ ‘Dear hearts whose love has been so sweet to know,  
That I am looking backward as I go,  
Am lingering while I haste, and in this rain  
Of tears of joy am mingling tears of pain :  
Do not adorn, with costly shrub, or tree,  
Or flower, the little grave which shelters me.  
Let the wild wind-sown seeds grow up unharmed,  
And back and forth all summer, unalarmed,  
Let all the tiny, busy creatures creep ;  
Let the sweet grass its last year’s tangles keep :  
And when remembering me you come some day  
And stand there, speak no praise, but only say,  
‘How she loved us ! It was for that she was so dear !’  
These are the only words that I shall smile to hear.’ ”—





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 973 398 1